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SONNETS
AND
NUGGETS

BY
RICH. GALD



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THE AUTHOR.

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BY

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FOREWORD

We launch our newest grouping of verse upon a merciful public not without misgivings lest we should again fail to impress the particularly discriminating angel of censorship with the purity of an invaluable merit.

Abandoned on a sea of preference, let us cry our own wares! Just a little, please!

Why cannot, ever, an obtuse and cruelly insoluble world stand upon its just claim to award? Is everything desirable on earth to suffer abusive repudiation; because it may not always seem pertinent with the ambition of jealous minutiae surrounding one?

THE AUTHOR.

SONNETS

I.

How transient is that miracle called peace?
How—swift—it flits full-fleetly bye? Old Time
May scarce, will scarce it dare. Nor rhythm, rhyme
Can paint its wonders, quite, of sure release
From wondrous enmity in strife's increase:
From mawkish dignity, all joke sublime:
From odd things else, concentric with great crime:
From freak-minutiae; with ne'er surcease.
Oh, pump your pompoms ponderously forth
Fierce Jove: but they in vain; resulting not
In profit evermore, transcendent, pure.
But strive in fact; and strive for all you're worth:
And heat your strife 'till luminously hot.
Your pumping, and your striving may, you, cure.

II.

THE ADVANCING SEASON

An eschatological thrill awakes
Our dormant pious selves apochryphal.
With supernatural assistance, all
Our inward knowledge of the soul oe'rtakes
Us sleeping soundly, slumbering; and shakes,
As might eternity at Adam's fall,
Our dulled conscience, pervert to each call,
Which would not yield to cosmic force; to 'quakes.
The psychic powers of transcendent self
Conspiring, are enticing to a cusp
Of life, in indolence resolved to naught:
Where must as at one's Zion, saucy elf,
One's cupid captive render, with a wisp
Of fragrant straw, if love be pastoral-taught.

III.

The Muse now calls forth memories divine;
That, wrapt in soulful pasts, hath graced our song;
And languished in a listless time-worn throng
Of figures mythical; high Heaven's sign
Of poesy transcendent, winged of line.
The Muse now murmurs, soft, her ditties strong;
That, vibrant, pulsate where they best belong;
Their melody Thalia-born with wine.
Then pump thy folk-lore paeans proudly forth,
Oh organ! Our symphonic pulse, our beat
Affinitive with heart-song, bids thee joy.
Then peal thy folk-songs out for all they're worth:
And trip thy trills, in truest tuneful treat,
Inspiring every girl; and, too, each boy.

IV.

CASTLE CRAG

Thou castellated mount of lawless mould:
Obtrusive, shapeless crag of dolomite:
Thy jagged peaks, sky-piercing to great height,
Enbosom tales of storm-winds, yet untold:
Of light'ning-flash, and thunder-peal, loud-rolled.
Thou cosmic error, thus uptossed on sight,
A plaything of cold snows; and of the light:
Thou sentry! Guard the pass, thou guardian bold!
If but thou could'st remould thine heart of stone;
And make it flesh and blood, full-warmed with love;
A throbbing human-thing of doubts and fears;
Would'st covet, then, thy tempests icy-blown;
Nor sacrifice the eaglet for the dove!
Be human-friend, profuse of sky-born tears!

V.

We chant of obsolesence, rife of Earth:
And, too, of obscuration, wondrous thing,
That, coupled with autumnal years will bring
Oblivion transcendent of all birth
In Nature mothered, well, of honest worth.
Of these most strange phenomena we sing:
Oh, with our harmony sweet concord ring;
That should entwine us with fantastic girth.
Grim obsolescence, griffin of the night:
Foul curtain dense, all dank and dismal damn:
Thou noisome controvert, untoward conceit:
Impossible creation lost to sight;
Thy cousin obscuration we contemn
As insult heaped on insult, foully meet!

VI. *

Now chant bereavement's paeans filled with dole:
In welling tones peal forth the dull, sad hour
Oh Time! The burdened sky doth threaten, lower;
And master tearfully responding soul.
Nay, call ye not Thine horrid stygian roll,
To devastate Earth's most attractive bower,
Eternally of misery a shower;
Thus constitute of hopelessness our goal.
But wrap us up in choicest mental robes;
Forgetting, lest forgotten we should be:
And dry our tears with soft, responding sobs,
To work just easement for our trouble-plea:
Else, sacrificed we are to woe, which robs
Transcending worlds of potent ideals free.

* Composed, upon the decease of a sister, November 3rd, 1913.

VII.

How signifieth spots upon thee, Sun?
Why doth thy purity pollute thus, be:
Hot master of our sky; our earth; our sea?
Consuming firmament, thou burning one
Personified Helios; helion
A baser substance than mere light sets free:
Nor yet parhelia, parsilenae.
Thou spewest speculation; new thought, Sun!
How signifieth, then, thy troubled mien:
Thy freckled front of froward demon-frown?
Thy countenance should be e'er clean and chaste;
Demeanor purest, of sky-blue serene:
Nor with prognostication scarred; and thrown
Abroad on our conception of good taste.

VIII.

The curve of life a livid line of love:
Or love compounded soft of yieldy ooze;
E'er fashioning itself as men might choose?
Or war: which booming cannons thundrous strove,
Regardless of the biblical peace-dove,
From time forgotten dignified of muse,
To stamp upon our Earth a peace-born ruse:
Or vacuous transcendent hope above?
'Tis strange we cannot count without some link:
Some bridge; some brutish jointure with the past;
That killeth peace, and every gentle hope:
Our every safe-guard at the awful brink,
Where life is unto the eternal cast
From off this Earth; with other World's to cope.

NUGGETS

EARLIER — FAULTY — EFFORTS

I.

Superior ideals, pure thoughts of love,
Are best deep-draughted in poet's sonnet.
Thrills of true heart, now hot Cupid's won it,
With sentimental journeys up above,
All soft-robed in white down of Peace's dove
Weft in technique, with poesy the woof,
Should constitute the poet's realm—his roof—
His mansion in the skies: whence he may rove
Forth, into worlds of matter, grave, of fact:
Where most of romance reeketh in foulled sweet;
And sure release is governed by one's tact:
Where Heaven sitteth limned in bread and meat.
Yet, what more true, convincing; than the fact
That opulence, sound wealth, is Heaven's seat.

II.

We lisp in numbers our sweet songs of love:
We find in rhyme record of our fond dreams:
We yearn to soar, above these noisy streams,
To seek something better: for this we rove.
We wing on nothingness through thought above:
We cleave impenetrable mists of soul;
Ever attaining impossible goal;
For which we've generations—eons—strove.
We wander into realms of poesy,
Where meandering streams of idea flow:
Evading all horrific, plain, prosy;
Just where fine fancy may elect to go.
Yet, yet oh Muse, come tell of wealth cozy:
Fountain of youth, it but will make us grow.

III.

They told me thou wert beautiful, sweet, mine:
That all the soul of Nature dwelt in thee:
That thou wert lithesome, young, and fair and free:
That something infinite gleamed from thine eyne:
That transcendental grace enveloped thine
In roseate mists of fancy's fair thought,
(Far, far above ethereal worlds sought)
Where acts of purity unite, combine.
All exquisite conception there excelled!
All human fancy mastered, there, by love!
Where all that's commonplace, Appollo's felled
With mastering, conquering sword, above!
Yet opulence's there, in beauty held:
Great Providence's wonder, mercy, love.

IV.

Sweet musical notes, wafted hitherward,
Exploit now all heart's deeper sentiment:
Affording new sensations quite our bent.
So bound we over waves breezy, seaward;
Away from all dull city ways froward.
Oh, Muse, now grant us surcease of labour;
Release from importuning dull neighbor.
Our happiness, our love, too, now increase;
(Specious rest to commune with Heaven)
Thus find a place for wearied soul above.
We yearn now for this desired leaven.
It is a pact for which we've ever sought;
But can't forget that for which we've striven.
Let opulence, then, be just what it ought.

V.

We'll not despair of song, oh sweet soul mine.
We'll not languish in void for thought rhythmic,
We've not but one couplet: we're plethoric.
Full store, full store of rhyme is ours; and thine.
Come Muse, about worthy brow now entwine
Us laurel long deserved; yet long forgot.
Sepulchre us in some much hallowed spot:
Where violets true blow; mayhap pea-vine.
Soften our quiet recalcitrant crude selves
With fragrance waft from fields elysian.
Guide us to realms in which idea most delves.
Enwrap us, too, in mists Arcadian.
Yet gather for us, busy little elves,
Opulence mightier than sword or pen.

VI.

Discovering in realms of sunny space:
Journeying too, through incandescent night;
(Couplets the sole comrades of fancy-flight)
Through nebulous new worlds, we creep a-pace.
Hope, hope, thou poet of a prosaic race,
Personified in justice to base earth!
(World most flat, wert not for thine august birth!)
Guide us to Mercy's goal in this sweet race.
Yet beauty cannot blush without the pulse
That burning gold makes, coursing through its veins.
Beauty cannot fair-feast upon food else:
And it will truly hold the guiding reins.
Providence! How virtuous wealth still tells!
A panacea for o'er-tiréd brains!

VII.

Reverberating sounds now burst on ear:
Industry transported through harmony.
The world has joined in concert—symphony.
We move, we move in some vacuous sphere.
Discovery! The poesy of fear!
Onward, on airy flight, we aviate
Through realms where no one, nowhere hath e'er sate.
We stoy; and then drink Death as cup to cheer:
But righting, pass the fatal pall-clad tomb;
And kiss the sun: and call it love, sweet love.
(True love! Just such as comes from Nature's womb!)
Then gather opulence: that it may prove
Our bridge of life, our main-stay our *a-plomb;*
Perhaps our ship to bear us up above.

VIII.

Cureall virtue, in a correct couplet,
Exceeds the prayer of professional-man.
Lisp in poesy sweet, then, if you can.
Call on the Muse to tonic breast upset.
Then let the heart take a firm rhythmic set.
Oh gray, cold sea, thou'st worried wearied pen:
Thou'st robbed it of fair sentiment: and then
Thou'st tossed idea, upon wandering wet,
To let it languish in unfathomed void,
Atomized spray dashed on unwelcome shore.
Pulsating there, it cries itself annoyed;
To return unto its self nevermore.
Ah, had we but remained on land; and toyed
With all-prevailing wealth; though meagre store.

IX.

We yearn for vistas of those fern-clad realms;
Where youth joyful, lusty, was wont to dwell:
Where blossomed grasses, tall, the meadows swell;
And perfumed flowers wild, our brain o'erwhelms.
For bye-gone ships of hope, faith-guided helms,
That steer into lands of glorious gain,
Through many a leafy mystic crook'd lane.
Such shades our fathers loved o'ertopped with elms.
But gold, gold, burning, all-conquering gold!
Thou'rt veritably commander of heart!
Our thoughts of odorous dells may grow old.
No longer may have flowers wholesome part.
We yearn for wealth in quantities untold.
Ultima Thule! This is fact; not art.

X.

Disappointment in life's near-sanctified.
(Indeed, and veritably it must be.)
We're lost, at times, in gray melancholy.
Then, gone is all for which we've life-long tried.
All hope, like love (vain love) has flown; has died.
And yet the sunny advent of next morn
Hath generate new fortune; new wealth born.
Ah, Providence! Thy virtues long we've cried!
Great good abundance, hast thou an equal?
King opulence, hast ever been deposed?
Once more the warming hearth; and hearts cheerful!
Dormant celestial joy long hath dozed.
Avaunt horrid fancies morbid, fearful:
Corpus of poverty thus diagnosed.

XI.

The mellow morn doth miss the songful bird.
Here on a boundless wilderness of sea.
No cricket chirps; no restive honey-bee;
No dragon-fly, nor squirrel overheard.
No crow of cock, nor low of grazing herd.
Nor yet sweet flowers grace environment.
Forever lost now to all prosaic cant.
We are at sea! Lost, lost! Yea, lost the word!
The past material is naught but mist:
A blotch upon a soiléd memory.
Sweet hope of future we have, hungry, kist.
Let bosom heave response, then, cheerily.
Oh gold! Oh wealth! Thou'rt sacred! Thou art blest!
Panacea! Earth moving wearily.

XII.

'Mid brine-soaked archipelegos of thought,
Our craft of fancy bears us, buoyantly
Through translucent seas, mounted gallantly:
On, on to the goal long we've bravely sought.
And yet, and yet how dearly these dreams bought;
More beautiful, perhaps, because they're dear;
More coveted eccentric to career.
Oh just to gather what we really ought!
Oh just to harvest what we've fancied best!
Then wrap ourselves in morphic ever-sleep!
Thus gain desirous e'er-coveted rest;
Away from prosaic worlds of weep-and-weep,
To which poetic-soul hath long attest.
Yet opulence should limn our slumbers deep.

XIII.

The dull warm day hath scorned the mast'ring sun:
The sea hath turned face from beauteous sky:
With shadow darkened, turned its face awry;
As though its duty to fair art were done.
Effects, theatrical, have now quite gone;
And sombre melancholy rules the scene.
But this sad daughter of our joy we wean;
And look for smiles of warmth; or coming morn.
Yet what is happiness without great weal!
Here in this world prosaic; this world severe!
Here vanishes all vanity, we feel.
To covet sense we banish all that's queer.
The thought of gold makes man's future real;
Then toward this consummation let us steer.

XIV.

We half discover self in sentiment;
Developing new realms of real love,
From which we soar to larger worlds above;
Eternally lift, out of false content,
Through deep regard for fine poetic bent.
(True sense of our universal beauty;
Proper regard for each human duty.)
Yet do not relinquish all He hath sent.
Art, art, thou cans't not obliterate self;
Obscuring, thus, a sound poetic pulse!
Art, art, thou e'erprovoking wicked elf;
Ever master of all things keenly false!
Stay! what beautifuller victor, o'er gulf,
Than purse of gold! Obviously what else!

XV.

Oh, faithless soul! Why not accept merit?
Why quail and tremble at the unjust sneer?
Must World yield up its all to powers queer;
Because precedents can scarcely bear it?
Must we lose the crown while others wear it;
And sacrifice fair truth to vulgar wit!
Ah, truth! To make common-place thing of it!
Providence! Art thou so low to fear it!
We strive for gain! Is't not obvious, plain!
Our vanity does, illy, obscure it.
Our lives are sanctified, nor doth bold stain
By science ministeréd abjure it.
We strive for gold! Then let us have our gain!
Restored of faith! The future shall show it.

XVI.

We have attained the multipeopled shore;
And softly bundled all our love and hopes.
We've left our corded fancy, fay-like ropes,
With other tackle of soul-ship of yore;
And stept into another realm. A store
Of imag'ry awaits tired fancy.
We'll win, though it be by necromancy.
Oh beauteous peace; anthithesis, war!
We'll win through peace poetic, through wisdom.
We'll win through fancy's pen; couplet plenty.
In rhythm sympathetic let bliss come.
We once dreamt golden course; then, swift bent we.
We've mounted swells of mind; and soul-storm some.
Graciousnes of love and patience rent we!

XVII.

The fruitful weather challenges to write:
My muse, methinks, assumes poetic pen:
Fair simile abounds: fine fancy, then.
It promises to be an ideal night:
The garrish world is, long since, lost to sight;
All fragrant herbage hath closed leafy eye:
All fauna has retired, too. The sky,
The universe, seems closed up sheer from fright;
And quite retired in the faded past.
We durst not call upon eternal All:
Yet fain would judge the night severely just.
Oh soul, what else must to old Earth befal;
Before our youthful bones undamaged rust:
Before we're lost in earnest to our call?

XVIII.

We'll not surrender, oh perplexéd we,
Obscuring all the beauty of our sky;
Capitulating without reason why;
Hypothecating all that should not be,
To chasten well a best of fancy free.
Transcending self, we'll but expostulate
With thee. With patience then, we can but wait.
Thou, Muse, art everything for rhyme to me.
Then hail, once more, a lithesome flippant joy;
And sing of happiness in great success!
Ah Cupid, incomprehensible boy,
Our future worth we're fated yet to guess.
Bring thou abundance, and without alloy,
Of gold: and it in splendour, bright, of dress.

XIX.

Oh noisy nodule, in the curve of time,
That characterizes an era new:
Oh rough and raucus rump, why terror strew?
Devoid of churching, sanctimony, chime
Or melody; or true poetic rhyme:
Evaporate; and give fair place to love,
(Most pertinent with present Peace's dove.)
To make more room for better things sublime.

But gold; but gold: a truest warmth; a flesh
Inanimate; approach to the divine!
Sweet opulence, entangle in thy mesh
(Thou welcome net; modernity's best sign!)
A sighing soul; a hopeful self; and flush
With prospect. We have naught to do; but pine.

XX.

Come Muse of Mountain-top; come wind-tossed
sprite,
Collaborating wonders, all, of Earth.
Come, tell about a newest art's new birth:
With purest touch rejuvenate our sight.
Be thou the poet-soul; be thou poetic light.
Then, rugged peaks, thy potent voices speak;
And thunder response, to petition weak,
To create new enlightenment from night.
But gold, but gold! A truth! A constant, true!
A finest friend in plenty as in want:
Be-shower us with frequency. Ah, do!
To vanquish all of scoff; and, too, of taunt.
Come opulence' unconquered sovereignty;
And lead us to abundance', certain haunt.

XXI.

Love listless, of a fair-born Lidyan muse,
Appropriate to passion great for wealth.
A store of blessing, of plenty, of health;
An antidote for weaker sorts of ruse.
With sombre life, certain, of the recluse,
We deem better than worlds dark, Libyan:
Enlightened more than silent minds Lyddan
Of Palestine, where Man had know abuse.
Then sing sonorously thy song, Success;
And let it swell above the welkin—ring.
Instruct the sober World in truest dress;
And teach it of the rightest things to sing:
Of gold; warm gold, like each Minervan tress
Of hair, the blue-eyed goddess once did bring.

XXII.

Ah, victim of well-bred discourteousness:
Ah, suff'ring soul a-sighing for a friend;
A relict of faint hope, with early end,
Symbolic of conjecture and of guess,
Thy disappointment may not mean distress.
Thy life, new-born, may soon seize on new love:
And, if for dazzling wealth thou well hast strove;
And cherish, too, the garrish world you bless;
Thou may'st soar sure to strands of sunny mind;
Where transcendental fancy governs all;
And potence true, its best of friends doth find
In that for which the World does risk a fall,
Great gain: thus opulence, too, close behind.

XXIII.

Now turbulency, dictate thought sublime;
If thou but cans't: if thou but mays't: but nay!
These rough and roaring breakers bid thee stay
Thy stirring hand! Oh boist'rous goddess, rhyme
Of soft repose; for very pity, time
Thy slumber, now, to some rift wavelet's foam:
Some deep sub-marinal moist muse's home.
To sleep in sinuously pulsing prime!
But gold; but gold! An inspiration true:
A sort of smile, celestial, borne to earth:
A best of good things, where such may accrue:
A pure conception of a god's new birth:
Yet attribute to Christ's divinest blue
Of universal love: a heaven-born girth.

XXIV.

Fugacity appeals to me, oh Muse;
And it of life. This transiency blue,
A universe, prosaic, of much ado,
Is built of truth: but often it abstruse.
Then let us find, in love, a newer ruse
To justify vacuous life's faint course;
Evading all we would determine dross:
Our aim in life to deprecate abuse.
But gold; but gold! A staff of poet's life:
A mainstay! Just man's monster mental-self!
A brother—sister—to Success: its wife!
An *ingenue* of fortune: *bizarre* elf,
Thou art desired! Secret of our strife,
For thee, e'en Purity is prone to delve.

XXV.

WAR

Oh, poetry of distance, now appeal!
Enchantment true! We want not thundrous war:
We would not dwell 'neath doom's mephitic star:
Nor see and bleed: nor groan at cruel steel.
To stagger at the blow: to cringe: to reel:
(Great Jove's relentless mockery of God!)
Preferring bloody dust-bathed earth ill-trod
With vengeance, lust, rapine; the voidal meal!
We yearn for prolegomena, for truth.
That something which, if worlds were justly made,
Would govern savage man in days of youth;
And consummate all plans as they were laid.
Here strife's incarnate, vain, reptilic tooth
Sunk deep of human flesh, must die or fade.

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